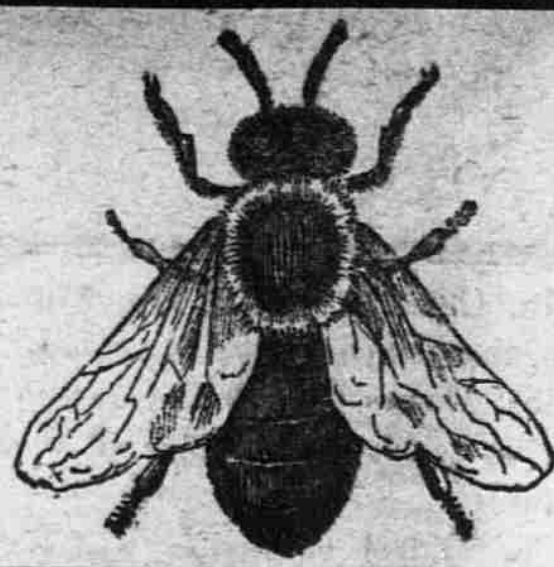


THE BEE.



Terms, \$2.00 per year.

Our Liberties we Prize and our Rights we will Maintain.

5 cents per copy

VOL. II.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1884.

NO. 40.

FINE CLOTHING

MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS!

THE MISFIT STORE,

CORNER 10th AND F STREETS.

Cannot be surpassed in variety of style, reliability of material, thoroughness of workmanship, perfection of fit, or elegance of finish, while prices are 25 to 40 per cent lower than those of any house in the city.

OVERCOATS FOR MEN AT

\$3, worth \$8; \$6, worth \$10; \$7, worth \$13; \$8, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18; \$12, worth \$20; \$15, worth \$25; \$20, worth \$35.

Boy's Overcoats at

\$2.50, worth \$4.50; \$3.75, worth \$6; \$5, worth \$9; \$6, worth \$10; \$8, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18; \$12, worth \$20.

MEN'S AND YOUTHS' SUITS AT

\$8, worth \$13; \$10, worth \$15; \$12, worth \$20; \$15, worth \$25; \$20, worth \$35. Full Dress Black Suits at \$25, worth \$45.

BOYS' & CHILDREN'S SUITS AT

\$2.75, worth \$4; \$3.50, worth \$6; \$4, worth \$7.50; \$5, worth \$9; \$6, worth \$10; \$7, worth \$12; \$8, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18.

PANTS! PANTS!!

A splendid assortment from \$2 up.

GOSSAMERS,

Best made, from \$2 up. These goods are equal and superior to any goods shown here. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded at

The Misfit Store, Cor. 10th & F Sts.

Make no mistake and come to the corner of 10th and F Sts., N. W.

THE MOST USEFUL BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!

A Book that should be in Every House.

The press, teachers, and professional people throughout the country pronounce it to be the **BOOK OF BOOKS**. It contains upwards of 50,000 words, with their definition and pronunciation, according to Webster and other recognized authorities; a large number of additional words and definitions in general use. It contains a mine of information for everybody. This book is handsomely bound in cloth, containing 542 Pages Profusely Illustrated. We propose to send you one of these valuable books, by mail, all shipping charges prepaid, to any address, on receipt of only **ONE DOLLAR**.

Address M. STOLZ & CO.,
28 Park Place, New York.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852,

937 Pennsylvania Avenue, Near Tenth Street

PIANOS AND ORGANS

For Sale at Reasonable Prices, on Easy Terms

Tuning, Repairing and Moving promptly attended to. Cornets, Violins, Flutes, Guitars, and everything in the music line for

CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.,

937 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

THE ORIGINAL LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F STREET, OPPOSITE MASONIC TEMPLE

RESULT OF EXCESS.

Overproduction and backwardness of trade in many sections have terminated in misfortune to manufacturers in general, who, to secure ready cash, have been compelled to part with their accumulated stocks at great concession of prices as the following offering of

ALL WOOL CASSIMERE SUITS

Will best illustrate. 500 Cassimere Suits purchased this week from one of the leading manufacturers, and which we offer at from \$3.50 to \$5.00 under the regular price per garment. Overcoats in 50 different styles, including Melton \$5.50, former price \$9; Fine Cassimere \$7, former price \$15; elegant Blue Cashmere Beavers \$11.25, former price \$19; Magnificent satin-lined Chinchillas at \$14.50, former price \$30. Boys' and Children's Clothing at 50 per cent. below the regular price. Pants from \$1 up. Gossamer coats from \$1.50 up.

ORIGINAL LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F Street, Opposite Masonic Temple,
SIX DOORS FROM NINTH STREET.

MURDEROUS IMPULSES.

Men Who Are Suddenly Seized With a Desire to Kill Somebody.

"Considering the number of cases of homicidal and suicidal impulse that come under the notice of experts in nervous diseases," a distinguished specialist remarked to a New York Sun reporter, "it is a wonder to me that so few tragedies from that source really happen. Last week a business man in this city, who owns a handsome country residence on the Hudson, and would be regarded by his acquaintances as the last person in the world to be possessed by such a whim, came to me in great worry of mind and told me he had something to communicate that must be held strictly inviolate. The story was typical. I have heard it with trifling variations a thousand times in five years. He had not been feeling very well—rather nervous and ill at ease—for some days. That morning, as he left the house to take the train for New York, he happened to pass his gardener who was at work on the grounds, and stopped to talk to him a minute. The man was stooping over a clump of ornamental shrubbery, thinning out the dead stalks with a pruning knife. A spade was leaning against the trunk of a tree just at his hand. 'I had never had any quarrel or misunderstanding with the man,' said this patient, telling his story. 'But the impulse was upon me in an instant to seize that spade and brain the poor fellow on the spot. I trembled all over like a leaf, with a kind of nervous terror that I can scarcely describe to you, Doctor. Finally, not daring to trust myself longer, I turned and walked away as fast as my legs could conveniently carry me. I believe, sir, that I should have killed the man if I had lingered five minutes longer. Now what is to be done?'"

The doctor advised his patient to avoid temptation for a few days, turn his mind resolutely to something else, and gave him a sedative prescription—bromides, of course—with instructions to call again in a day or two. The man was sensible enough to act on the advice, and on the fourth day he dropped in and told the doctor that the trouble had passed off, and he felt like himself once more. And so a tragedy was averted, probably.

The physician went on to say that he had no less than nine cases of homicidal or suicidal impulse then under treatment. Of these seven were suicidal and the other two homicidal. One of the latter had been on his hands for three weeks. The patient, a man of some note in literature, had been sleepless for several weeks before the impulse manifested itself. He was a married man, and loved his wife devotedly. One night, after dozing a few minutes with terrible dreams, he awoke with a strange presentiment of impending disaster. His wife was sleeping quietly. The moonlight, struggling through the window-pane, fell upon her face and white, shapely throat. As sudden as the leap of a tiger, the impulse seized him to cut the woman's throat, and he was actually out of bed and hunting for his razor in the bureau drawer, before any realizing sense of the enormity of the deed that he was about to perpetrate interposed to prevent the tragedy. He returned to bed, and lay in a tremble till daylight. His wife never knew how near she had been to death. He had had no wish to kill anybody else as yet.

"One of my suicidal patients," continued the doctor, "was first seized with the impulse on a Brooklyn ferry-boat. He had been across the river on business, and was on his way back. He went on board one of the boats at the Fulton Ferry, and stood gazing listlessly at the rampart of business houses extending far to the right on Furman street. The boat started suddenly as he stood ruminating. He insists that the impulse had its origin in the movement of the sunshine-flooded surfaces of brick across the optic field, and very likely he is right. 'For an instant,' he says, 'I was wild; and when I came to myself my hand was on the railing, and a couple of stalwart passengers had collared me. I had never thought of such a thing as committing suicide except as a coward's resource.' Now," added the doctor, "this man was no more mad than I am; it was a typical case of suicidal impulse, caused, perhaps, by long nervous tension."

In point of fact, both suicidal and homicidal impulses appear to be far less frequent with women than men. In all his experience, the Doctor has treated only five cases of the impulse in women, while of the sterner sex his patients have been numbered by scores. He inclines to the belief that the habit contracted by men of business of always being in a hurry, engaged, occupied, is one of the principal instrumentalities, next to malaria poisoning, in producing

this type of nervous disturbance. "And I imagine," he concluded, "that our former Commissioner of Lunacy, Dr. Crillonnaux, was not far out of the way when he declared that one man in every hundred who walks the streets is potentially a murderer or a suicide, a startling declaration, but one that my own practice during the last ten years has abundantly verified."

Sometimes the impulse is accompanied by voices in the ears, urging the patient to kill; sometimes a red light—lurid, dismal, weird—suffuses the eyes, and with one of the Doctor's patients the attack is announced invariably by a premonitory shiver or shudder of momentary duration only, which precedes it by a second or two. It is a curious fact, also, that serious organic trouble with the brain and spinal tract seldom gives rise to these strange paroxysms.

COST OF LIVING ABROAD.

Interesting Contrast Between Prices in London and in America.

A London letter to the Philadelphia Press says: There is no city in which you can get more for a sixpence or less for a guinea than in London. This was what Richard Rush, the American diplomatic representative to England, said away back in the twenties. These words are as true to-day as they were when the shrewd, observant American gave utterance to them. Broad to-day is cheaper in London than in New York, Vienna, Berlin or Brussels. You can get a suit of clothes made to measure from real Scotch Tweed for \$15, fashionably cut and well finished. Hundreds of tailors will be glad to take your measure and furnish a well-fitting suit of common, but still fair material for \$10. I can buy ready made shoes for \$2.50 every bit as good as I can purchase in New York for \$5, while for that sum I can get as good a pair of hand sewn "understandings" as I wish to wear. A good silk hat may be bought for \$3, and a derby of the latest fashion for a trifle over \$2. Shirts and underwear are less than two-thirds the price asked for them in New York, and the gloves I wear cost me 75 cents a pair, and I have never yet found them so split or torn. Ladies' attire is proportionately cheap. Houses and rooms may be had within two and one-half miles of the city, with gardens four times as large as the area the residence stands on, for a rental of \$150 to \$200 per annum; a return fare by rail to the city costing from 6 to 8 cents, daily. Vegetables are about half the price they are in the States. Butter is five cents a pound cheaper, and meat only is a dear commodity. Not nearly so much dearer though as is generally supposed. Yesterday I bought a leg of excellent mutton for 20 cents per pound, and for prime joints of beef the butchers are asking 24 cents per pound. Then, again, fish is ridiculously cheap. I read in an Exeter paper that herring were sold in that town one day last week at the rate of twenty-four for 3 cents and that sprats were retailed at 2 cents per quart.

But Mr. Rush was as right about the purchasing power of the guinea as he was in his estimate of the liberal equivalent obtainable for the nimble sixpence. In the west end of London the most extortionate prices are asked by the tradesmen. Fifteen dollars for a pair of trousers and \$35 for a coat and vest are by no means exceptional prices, and there are plenty of knights of the shears who would charge \$60 for a suit of evening dress that one could readily make at a city tailor's for \$55. I know several "snips" that are glad to array customers in all the glory of "clawhammer" coat, low cut vest and pants on suite for \$15. London boarding houses are an abomination and a snare. One can get infinitely better accommodation and food in Philadelphia, Baltimore or Boston for \$5 per week than can be procured in London for double the money. Railway traveling, too, is much more expensive in England than in America. Even the third-class is, I think, quite as expensive as the uniform fare charged in the States, and to make a journey of a few hundred miles in a first-class carriage will cost at least 50 per cent. more than in covering a like distance of ground in the state journeying in luxurious ease in a Pullman car.

Alleged Sure Cures.

The Medical Home has the following receipts:

A tea made of chestnut leaves and drank in place of water will cure the most obstinate case of dropsy in a few days.

A tea made of ripe or dried whortleberries and drank in place of water is a sure and speedy cure for scrofula difficulty, however bad.

A tea made of peach leaves is a sure cure for kidney difficulty.

A plaster made of fresh slaked lime and fresh pine tar is a sure cure for a cancer, which, with its roots, will come out.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Base-ball making is one of the most quiet industries which attract little of no attention from the busy world, but prove unusually remunerative to those engaged in them. Last year over 5,000,000 balls were manufactured in this country, and as the makers now have a larger number of orders than ever before it is estimated that 7,000,000 base-balls will be knocked into the great nowhere this season.

The whistling craze is the latest in fashionable circles. In New York there is a colored man who was once known by Henry A. Wise, but more recently a waiter at Long Branch, who has as many pupils as he can attend to. They are mostly misses ranging from ten to sixteen years. He guarantees whistling, according to his system, to reduce the size of the mouth and give the lips a pouty, kissy appearance. In addition to this, the exercise is good for the lungs, develops the chest and induces cheerfulness. The effect on the neighbors, apparently, isn't taken into account.

One of the most prominent men in Japan is Ito Hirobumi. He has recently returned from a long stay in Germany, where he saw much of Bismarck and Emperor William. Mr. Ito was much impressed with the character of these men, both of whom, he says, advised him to accept Christianity for his own welfare and happiness, as well as for the good of his country. Since his return he has formerly addressed the Mikado on the subject, and such has been the influence of his report that the chief officers of the Cabinet are becoming interested in the study of Christianity.

The Paris police are endeavoring to suppress a strange traffic in dead bodies, which they have discovered to exist on the River Seine and in near Paris. It appears that a reward of fifteen francs is given in the Department of the Seine for any bodies found in the river and delivered up to the authorities. In the neighboring departments, if only a few miles away—such as in the Seine-et-Oise—to such reward is offered. The consequence is that boatmen finding bodies outside the stipulated boundary, instead of giving them up to the police of their own district, sell them to men employed higher up the river, who obtain the reward for them, realizing a profit by the transaction. This custom has become so prevalent that there is a recognized tariff of five francs for bodies purchased in this way.

Notwithstanding the immense number of watches made in other countries, the Swiss watches still continue to be in demand. It is estimated that there are about 45,000 workmen engaged in this industry in Switzerland. In the competition with other countries they manage to hold their own very well, being largely aided by the belief that their watches are made by hand. It is a fact, however, that machinery is employed in the making of watches in Switzerland to a considerable extent; although the fact is kept in the background. In some cantons the manufacture of cheap imitation gold and silver watches has been recently started. A composition is used in the manufacture of these imitation metals which is so highly explosive that a slight blow will cause a detonation of an alarming character. Excellent horological schools are established throughout the country, in which boys are taught the trade of watch-making in all its branches, by the most skillful workmen to be found.

According to the Indianapolis News a farmer in Indiana is calling himself hard names because he didn't leave the hundreds of black walnut trees standing on his farm just as he found them when he settled on it thirty years ago. Like all the others, he went to work with might and main cutting them down, piling them in vast heaps, and burning them up. It was heavy work, and his two boys died from the sprains received while tugging at the big logs, and the old man is humpbacked and broken in health from the same cause. For all this labor he has a farm worth at most \$8,000, whereas if he had left the timber standing it would have been worth \$1,000,000 at least. Agents for English and French companies are scouring the state buying up all old logs, stumps, and odd trees that are to be found. The reason of this is that no other wood is so well suited for veneering as walnut.

The sweetest thing in yellow was the recent appearance upon Fifth avenue, New York, of a swell-looking young Englishman wearing a bright yellow vest. The Times describes him

as a bright-faced and pleasant chap, and says he attracted the astonished gaze of all whom he met. He wore a tightly fitting walking suit, with the breast of the coat open, so as to show a waistcoat of some woollen stuff of the color known to art connoisseurs as "mustard yellow." The stranger evidently enjoyed the sensation he created for he paraded up and down the most frequented portions of the avenue two or three times. Men stared, girls giggled, cabbies haw-hawed, and small boys selling "walking canes for fifteen cents" pursued him with distended eyes. Perhaps this was the acme of the revolution in clothes which is promised by our British cousins.

The Pike's Peak Railway, the completion of which within eighteen months is practically assured, will be, in many respects the most notable piece of track in the world. It will mount 2,000 feet further heavenward than the famous Lima and Oriva Railway, in Peru, which is now in operation to a point 12,220 feet above the sea, the highest that the rails have as yet attained. The obstacles that are being overcome in its construction are among the most formidable yet presented to engineering skill. The entire thirty miles of its length will be a succession of complicated curves and grades, with no piece of straight track longer than 300 feet. The maximum grade will be 316 feet to the mile, and the average grade 270 feet. The line will abound in curves from 500 to 1,000 feet long, in which the radius changes every chain. Forty degree curves are numerous, and there will be one of forty-three degrees that will describe three quarters of a circle. The road is being built in a most substantial manner, and will be laid with forty-pound steel. The running time will be about fifteen miles an hour. The road will cost from \$12, to \$15,000 per mile.

A circular lately issued by the United States Signal Office, relating to destructive tornadoes in the Southern States, contains some startling information of a practical kind, apart from the scientific data. It appears properly valued at from three to four million of dollars was destroyed, about a thousand persons lost their lives, double that number were wounded, and between fifteen and twenty thousand persons were left destitute. The office is exerting itself to advance the knowledge of the laws of these storms to a degree which will enable some warning of their approach to be given.

A Big Drink and What Came of It.

One of the principal treasures of the Rathaus collection in Bavarian Rottenburg is an immense pokal or goblet, holding twelve Bavarian schoppen, full six quarts. It was intended to be passed around the table at grand feasts, but on one memorable occasion it was drained to the last drop by a single individual, who was none the worse for his excess. Perhaps his motive was his protection. It happened in this wise: When in 1631, Count Tilly, with his whole army, took possession of the city, he called the council together, informed them that they were all to be beheaded, and sent the mayor to summon the executioner forthwith. As may be supposed, the man did not hurry to do his errand, and when he at last arrived at the house the executioner plumply refused to undertake the task of cutting off the heads of his respected fellow-citizens, the councilors.

During this interval, while the people were lamenting, the executioner protesting, and the mayor shaking in his shoes, the councilors, in their desperation, hit upon a bright idea. They filled the great pokal with their choicest wine and offered it to Tilly and his attendants. In a few moments the temper of the haughty conqueror was softened, he grew more compassionate toward his victims, and at last becoming jolly over his frequent draughts of the mellow liquor, he promised to set his trembling prisoners at liberty if one of their number would, in his presence, drink the great pokal full of wine.

This offer seemed at first only a cruel aggravation of their misery; but after an anxious discussion a certain Herr Nusch, a former mayor, accepted the challenge and succeeded in the apparently impossible task. Tilly kept his word; a servant was sent in all haste to call back the mayor and bid the executioner cease his preparations. The street through which the servant ran on his welcome errand is called Peace Alley (Friedensgassen) to this day, and the descendants of the brave ex-mayor still enjoy a yearly pension from the public funds, besides remaining owners of the famous pokal.—*Manhattan Magazine*.

HUMOROUS.

Of good report—Krupp's guns. A pledge of affection—Pawning the wedding ring.

The man who kicks his daughter's lover down three flights of stairs, sends her to bed with a scolding, then slacks the parlor, fire and turns off the gas, should be sent to prison for contempt of court.

A New York plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.

"Yes," remarked Contractor Skimp, pointing to his new building, containing rooms for the use of music teachers, "I've rented all their rooms exceptin' the one at the end. That's last, but not leased."

The stingiest man is said to be a miserly old bachelor who talks through his nose so as to save the wear and tear of his voice on his false teeth.

"Mamma," said a little boy, as he left his bed and crawled into her's, the other night, "I can go to sleep in your bed, I know I can; but I've slept my bed all up."

Professor (to class in history)—"Why does an Indian usually make up his mind more quickly than a white man?" Small boy (near the foot)—"Because he mostly has less mind to make up."

A French investigator finds that, in proportion to its size, the bee can pull thirty times as much weight as a horse. He probably got his idea from the great power with which a bee can push.

The curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply.

A little child becoming wearied with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of fighting forever over that milk? There's a whole cowful out in the barn."

Yes, Alonzo, you are indeed correct, "a living dog is better than a dead lion." Especially for rats. But if you should happen to want a lion skin for a rug, why of course a live dog wouldn't help you out a cent's worth.

A fashion item says: "Jackets of velvet with vest of satin are nice and stylish for breakfast." If it's the style, no doubt this novel dish will find favor and yet there are hard-headed old fellows who will still cling to tripe—style or no style.

Why Kerosene Explodes.

In the first place, kerosene never does explode. Ordinary kerosene is a mixture of oils which are converted into gas, or vapor, at different temperatures. This gas, when mixed in certain proportions with the air, forms a most explosive compound.

The danger, therefore, from kerosene comes from this gas, which, of course, cannot be seen. From the best quality of kerosene oil, or nearly all the oil which evaporates at a low temperature, and thus becomes explosive, has been removed. This latter oil is naphtha or benzine. So long as this is kept confined, so that its vapor cannot mix with the common air, it is safe. But the moment the gas mixes with the atmosphere it becomes explosive and dangerous. These facts give the reason why it is never safe, under any circumstances, to fill a lighted lamp, or to pour kerosene from a can upon a burning fire.

The lamp needs tending; therefore there is a space over the oil filled with the gas of the oil evaporated by heat and air. It is confined, and as long as the cover is screwed down no spark can get to it.

But when the cover is taken off, the gas is pushed out by the oil entering the lamp, mixed still further with the common air, becomes explosive, communicates with the flame of the lamp and immediately explodes.

So, too, there is explosive gas in the top of a half-emptied kerosene oil-can, and when the oil is thrown on the fire the flame communicates with that gas and causes an explosion.

The sellers of cheap oil frequently declare in selling the dangerous fluid that it is so safe that a lighted match can be thrown into it. That this can be done with safety only shows that the conditions for making the explosive gas are not met in the experiment. But if the same oil were used in a defective lamp, or with any but the extreme care, there would be an explosion.

Always remember that it is a gas which explodes and not the oil, and that you cannot see the gas. And if you value your lives, be sure that you do not bring a spark near any place where there may be a mixture of air and oil gas.—*Youth's Companion*.